

Contributions

A CONTRAST

CLARA WORST MILLER

Spring

Gentle spring in sunshine clad, sweet daughter of a rough and stormy sire, thy promises of sweet fragrance and mild air delight us more than richest gifts. Fair spring bears in her bosom the pale snowdrop, the bright crocus, the sweet narcissus, the crimson clover and the golden buttercup. The meadows, like a sea of daisies, roll and swell in snowy waves, and the for-get-me-nots look up to heaven with their meek blue eyes.

At her gentle call come the warbling band who have changed their somber winter garments and donned their royal robes. New life stirs in everything, where the holy spirit of spring in silence works. The whispering of the leaves, the voices of the birds, the softness of the air calls on all the creatures to join the universal chorus of praise. The snowy lambs leap in the soft, green clover. The green-coated musicians, the frogs, which belong to the orchestra of nature sing their nocturnal songs. The owl, the monk, chants midnight mass in the temple of nature. The large red moon shines like a ruby in the horizon's ample ring. Orion puts on his shining armor to walk forth into the fields of heaven; and in the blue tent above gleams the shield of the hero Mars.

Oh! thou, celestial spring, loveliest season of the year!

Autumn

The frost looked forth one still, clear night and whispered to the blossoming earth, "Shall I have naught that is fair? Have naught but the bearded grain?" The flowers drooped their heads and died. 'Twas the setting of brilliant hopes woven in gorgeous tissues. The leaves put on their garments of red and gold. They fell and rustled and were still. The fields were drear and the skies were bleak. Autumn like an old man faint sat down by the wayside a-weary, listening to silence, for no lonely bird sang to him from the forlorn woods.

Youth

"Youth is the Italy of the soul, full of gods and temples." It is the brief morning hour which precedes the busy day. It is the period of dreams when airy castles are built and when Queen Mab with her fairy crew holds undisputed reign over the imagination and revels at will in the hall of fancy. It is "but the painted shell within which continually growing lives that wondrous thing, the spirit of a man, biding its moment of apparition." Life with a thousand voices is calling to the youth and he must gird

himself for the race. He is bright, active and ambitious. The years glide by too slowly for him and he longs for greater activity.

Old Age

Alas! who shall shut out fate! All too soon the head grows white, the cheek is furrowed, the voice trembles, the limbs are bent with age, and the youth becomes twice a child. He sings, "I would I were a boy again," and grows older as he sings. Frail man comes into the world crying and cries on all thro life. Then ears long ceased to earthly things hear heavenly sounds. There is a silence, a pall, and a tear and a dear one is laid to rest, when the golden bowl is broken and the silver chord is loosed.

Life

"Twixt two worlds, like a star, life shines:
A little star with fading light."

How simple and brief are the outlines of a human life. And yet only eternity can fill out these outlines and make visible the unseen mysteries. Each one, as Pope says, is a part of one stupendous Whole. And as we ascend the stream of life in one of its venerable triremes there is infinitely more to do than to enjoy the beauty of earth and sky.

"The limit of life is brief—
'Tis the red in the red rose leaf,
'Tis the gold in the sunset sky,
'Tis the flight of a bird on high.
Yet we may fill the space
With such an infinite grace
That the red will vein all time,
The gold thro the ages shine,
And the bird fly swift and straight
To the lilies of God's own gate."

Ashland, O.

LACK OF PUBLIC SENTIMENT

B. C. MOOMAW

The International Peace Conference meets this week. What it will do no one can foresee, only there is a sort of indefinite feeling that it will not do much of anything. There is said to be a lack of public sentiment behind the movement, the same thing which is continually conjured up against the prohibition policy. Perhaps there is some truth in the assertion. The conference may make recommendations which the various governments interested will not undertake to carry out. Let us hope that some modification of the evils of war and some reduction in the recognized number of its causes may be accomplished, but to hope that the conference is going to put an end to war, that it is going to bring about the disbandment of the world's big armies, is going very far beyond any reasonable prospect that now appears on the horizon. The nations show conclusively that they do not expect great results from the deliberations of the congress. Even the Czar who proposed it is increasing his army and navy, accumulating war material and perfecting his

military equipment with almost feverish haste. England, Germany and France and the United States are doing the same thing. All this looks like peace with a vengeance.

Lack of public sentiment in favor of universal disarmament is doubtless the secret trouble. Some people, a few, care for peace intensely, but what do the majority care for it? War makes interesting reading. The papers are no longer dull. They are full of sensational news, marches, battles, slaughter, defeat, victory, and all the bloody and gaudy and gorgeous and flamboyant spectacular of war. Your average citizen who doesn't care particularly one way or the other about either peace or war finds his evenings entertained by the startling and graphic and lurid columns of his daily paper and he wouldn't do without it for a good deal. Why should all this be stopped? Why should not he be amused? At any rate it is none of his funeral. He didn't bring it on and he won't meddle with it anyhow. This is the logic of a great big slice of that public sentiment which isn't behind the peace movement.

Then again, war increases the price of produce in the market, and that begins to tickle your average citizen in an interesting place. Now really, why shouldn't he be even thankful to get a bigger price for his wheat and his cattle? More money will come in on account of this war, and that will enable him to pay the preacher more (perhaps), and settle arrearages for the EVANGELIST (still more perhaps), and do lots of other things out loud with a mental reservation. Money! money! why, let them blaze away; the little misunderstanding is quite interesting for more reasons than one. Then there is still another argument. There are really too many people in the world. Now war thins them out tremendously, and that leaves a better chance for you and me to get on in the world, see? There isn't so much competition. True its hard on the fellow who gets thinned out, but that is his affair and not ours. Selfish? Yes, but this is a selfish world and one had as well be out of the world as to be out of fashion.

We don't wish to be regarded as cynical, but it doesn't take a long hunt to find a good many unpleasant things in this world, and among them there is the conspicuous fact that it is very doubtful whether a majority of church members, even, are at heart in favor of universal peace. We have good reason to believe that a majority of church members are not in favor of abolishing the saloon and why should we be called upon to believe that a majority of them are in favor of abolishing war? If this is the case with the church, what right have we to expect anything better from the world? Universal peace is a corollary of the re-